

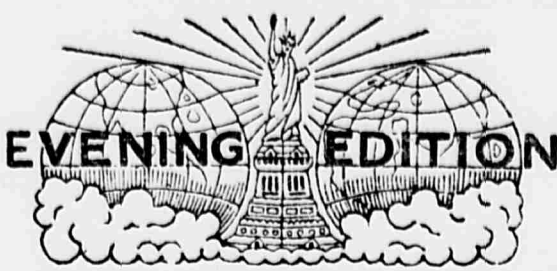
ST. REGIS GUEST SHOOT HERSELF SAY SHE POISONED FRENCH RULER

To-Day's Weather—FAIR AND COLDER.

FINAL RESULTS EDITION

PRICE ONE CENT.

The



World

"Circulation Books Open to All."

NEW YORK, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1908.

PRICE ONE CENT.

FINAL RESULTS EDITION.

GREEN EDITION

SAY WOMAN TOOK FRENCH RULER'S LIFE

French President Poisoned for Political Reasons a Story That Stirs France.

DEMAND FOR INQUIRY.

Police Inactivity Declared to Be Due to Desire to Shield High Officials.

PARIS, Nov. 27.—Romances of love and death, the one involving Felix Faure, the President of France in 1899, and the other, Adolphe Steinhilber, the artist, both murdered, are now being credited to Mme. Steinhilber, the remarkable woman whose life is alleged by the Paris newspapers to have been of the deepest political significance.

Mme. Steinhilber, after baffling the police for months with clues she offered to discover the strangler of her husband and Mme. Japy, her mother or step-mother, has been arrested and is now locked up in a cell at St. Lazare.

The newspapers are clamoring for the probing of the murder of the artist and Mme. Japy, and the popular belief that Mme. Steinhilber was an accomplice in that shocking crime of last May has taken deep root.

It is also freely suggested that Mme. Steinhilber was implicated in the poisoning of the President of France in 1899, and that she had been open to the scandal of her relations with Faure. Charges were made that she had poisoned him to make way for a romance with another man, who was powerful in French politics.

It is now believed that a similar motive prompted the killing of the artist, mixed with another motive that involved politics. Mme. Steinhilber was known to have made another of her many shifts of affections before her husband's death. A French nobleman of great wealth, who left France shortly after the artist and Mme. Japy were strangled, has been mentioned as one of the widow's latest friends. He was also deep in politics.

Politics Mixed With Love.

Still another man, Magistrate Legend, has been dragged into the case and held up as one of the victims of the strange fascinations of Mme. Steinhilber. The hearings of the famous murder case were at first held before him. Then as new developments were opened the force of public opinion compelled him to turn over the case to another Magistrate. Immediately afterward Mme. Steinhilber was arrested.

The attempt to suppress the scandal that grew to grave political significance after the death of Faure have met with violent opposition. Mme. Steinhilber had powerful protectors, men, it is now said, who were aided politically by the death of the French Chief Executive. Faure is said to have been poisoned because of his opposition to the revision of the Dreyfus case. There was a plot involving men high in national politics, and Mme. Steinhilber, it was hinted, was ready drawn into the plot as she had tried of Faure and found his continued passion for her an embarrassment.

Poison in Faure's Body.

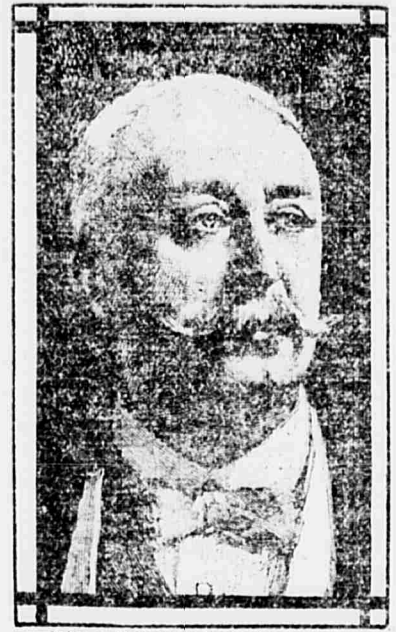
It is recalled now that on the day of the funeral of President Faure a writer for the anti-socialist Libre Parole, who had seen the body, said: "All the skin of the encephalon was unable to preserve the corpse from the disquieting action of the subtle poison." The Libre Parole today makes the unequivocal charge that Mme. Steinhilber murdered Faure.

She attended the funeral of Faure, and conducted herself extravagantly at the cemetery. She wept and wailed as the grave was being dug, and then fell on her knees beside it, tore from her bosom a bunch of violets and threw it on the casket. As the casket was being lowered she cast herself on the ground and sobbed hysterically. She was finally placed in a hearse and taken to the cemetery. She had brought to the grave.

Friends of Mme. Steinhilber declare that her husband was complacent at the friendship existing between Faure and his wife. Furthermore, it is said that he offered no objections to her intrigues with other men of great prominence. He himself was thick in politics, and is said to have had important papers in his possession when he was strangled.

The extravagant efforts of Mme. Steinhilber to obtain the body of her husband and Mme. Japy on others is now held up as most damaging evidence against her. First she sent the police away on a wild goose chase after a

PRESIDENT FAURE, WHO, REPORT SAYS, WAS POISONED.



FELIX FAURE

FINDS MOTHER BY MERE CHANCE AFTER LONG HUNT

Walter A. May, of Chicago, Sees Her as He Emerges From Waldorf.

After searching in vain for thirteen years to learn each other's whereabouts, Walter A. May, a diamond dealer of Chicago, met his mother by accident Thanksgiving afternoon in front of the Waldorf-Astoria.

"Mother, mother, I've found you at last," cried a tall, handsome man as he abruptly embraced an elderly woman on the steps of the Thirty-third street entrance of the well-known hotel.

"Walter, my boy," exclaimed the woman, clasping the excited man in her arms, and shedding tears of gladness. Passersby who witnessed the surprising spectacle of a well-dressed stranger publicly embracing a quiet little old woman did not know that behind this scene was a remarkable romance, the scenes of which are laid in England, South Africa and America.

Walter A. May is the long lost son of Mrs. William P. Ayre, who lives in Brooklyn, at No. 135 Prospect place. When seen there this afternoon by an Evening World reporter the Chicagoan told how chance had thrown him into the arms of the mother from whom he separated thirteen years ago.

Fears It's Only a Dream.

"I feel as though I am dreaming again and will wake up soon to find that the mother I have located at last is only a figment of my big blood son said as he gazed fondly on a white-haired woman whose eyes expressed his handsome features.

"You see, when I was a chap of twenty—that's thirteen years ago—I joined the English volunteers to go to South Africa. When I said good-bye to mother, I didn't dream it would be an age before we met again. I thought a year or so at the most would see me in England again with the mother who had been my chum and best friend since earliest childhood. But fate had other plans in store for me and delayed my return to England by a matter of thirteen years."

"And others must have gone astray, too," spoke up the white-haired mother, taking up the thread of the story. "I wrote hundreds of letters to you, but I employed detectives to locate him, but they only learned he had left South Africa and gone, it was thought, to Australia."

"That's just where I was," broke in May. "I stayed in Australia six years, while I wait in for sheep raising. I was pretty successful there, but the longing for my own home and mother proved too strong to resist, so I sold out my belongings there and sailed for England. When I arrived there all trace of my mother was lost, for as I have since learned, she had married again, and they had moved to Brooklyn. In the mean time I, too, departed my native land and five years ago came to America. Little dreaming that it was in this country I was to find my mother."

He Finds His Mother

"I settled in Chicago and became a dealer in diamonds. Last week I came East on business and stopped at the Waldorf. Yesterday, after finishing a

MATINEE IDOL JAMES E. WILSON GETS DIVORCE; MOTHER A WITNESS

Leading Actor in "Man of the Hour" Legally Separated From Wife, Who Was Formerly Well Known in San Francisco's Bohemian Set.

James E. Wilson, one-time matinee idol, who has been playing the leading heavy part in the "Man of the Hour" since the play was first produced, has just been granted a divorce from his wife, Mary E. Wilson. The suit was filed more than a year ago, and in an effort to keep the matter from gaining publicity the testimony was heard by Referee Mark G. Holstein at his office, No. 125 Broadway.

The two respondents named were Harry Love, a well-known Pittsburger, and J. M. Motley, of the Motley-Green Company, No. 68 Broad street. The plaintiff's mother, who is eighty-two years old, testified to indiscretions between Love and the defendant in the Wilson home at Fairmont, N. Y., while other witnesses told of delinquencies at the Sherman Inn, Sherman, L. I., which influenced Justice Bischoff in the Supreme Court, when the case came before him on final motion.

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J. HAZEN HYDE GETS INJUNCTION RESTRAINING EQUITABLE SUITS

\$2,000,000, Alleged to Have Been Improperly Diverted to Rehabilitate a National Bank, Involved in Order Granted by Justice Bischoff in Supreme Court.

Justice Bischoff to-day handed down his decision in the application made last April by counsel for James Hazen Hyde and his mother, Annie G. Hyde, as trustees under the will of Henry B. Hyde, founder of the Equitable Life Assurance Society.

The court grants an injunction to restrain the Equitable, the Mercantile Trust Company and George V. Turner from proceeding with their suit to compel the Hydies to make good \$2,000,000 which it was alleged they had improperly used

In the purchase or rehabilitation of the Western National Bank.

The injunction restrains the prosecution of these suits until it has been determined whether they or the Equitable are responsible.

The suits included the estate of Marcellus Hartley and Gen. Louis Fitzpatrick, John F. Scudder and William N. Coker Jr., as defendants, holding that they were responsible for the Equitable's guaranty of \$2,000,000 worth of notes of the bank, George V. Turner, a bookkeeper, giving his note as a dummy.

When she reached the little flat on the second floor of No. 115 Fulton street, Mrs. Johnson, a young woman of thirty, was disconcerted from the House of Good Shepherd today after having confined there several weeks because of her intemperate habits. She had been an inmate of the institution on other occasions and returning to her home had always been welcomed by her husband, Robert.

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Actress and Playwright Who Shot Herself at the St. Regis



ELEANORE MERRON COWPER.

ERRING WIFE GETS BACK TO FIND HER HUSBAND A SUICIDE

Mrs. Robert Johnson, Just Out of House of Good Shepherd, Faces Gruesome Scene.

Three housepainters sat on a narrow swiveling scaffold that hung in rope slings from the lower side of the centre span of the new Queensboro bridge this afternoon, giving the framework of the under side of the structure a final coat of red paint. They were Pandala Hotel and Thomas Charles, of No. 385 Water street, and George Foster, of No. 57 Cherry street.

Hotel, stoutly built, forty years old, who sat with his legs dangling in space at one end of the swiveling plank, was telling the other two of the turkey dinner he had consumed at his boarding-house, as he reached forward to run his brush over the extending end of a flooring girder. He lost his balance, made a wild clutch for the supporting cable, and tumbled down the face of the middle pier, almost touching it as he fell.

Horror-stricken, his two companions watched the flight of the body through the air. Whirling over and over, Hotel dropped a sheer 110 feet and struck head first upon the city dock on Blackwell's Island, where the bones of the Charities and Corrections Department land and the bridge contractors store their supplies.

Dr. Powers, an ambulance surgeon of the Flower Hospital, rowed across the East River in a skiff in response to a telephone message. He said the painter had been killed instantly. The body was sent to the Morgue on an order from the Coroner's office.

At the present time Mr. Hitchcock is at Hot Springs, Va., conferring with President-elect Taft. He leaves to-night for Washington, where he will attend a dinner to be given in his honor to-morrow night.

The Associated Press is authorized to announce that Mr. Frank H. Hitchcock has been offered and accepted the position of Postmaster-General in Mr. Taft's Cabinet. This is the first Cabinet position filled.

Mr. Hitchcock was Chairman of the Republican National Committee during the recent campaign and the Administration had a good deal of the credit for the outcome at his door. It has been said right along that a Cabinet position would be his reward.

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ACTRESS IS DYING AT ST. REGIS AFTER SHOOTING HERSELF

Mrs. E. M. Cowper, Also Widely Known as a Playwright, Puts Bullet Into Her Head at a Fashionable Hotel in Fifth Avenue.

FIRST WRITES NOTES TO LAWYER AND FRIENDS.

Closely Followed Method of Her Associate, James H. Wallick, Manager and Actor, Who Committed Suicide at Middletown Last May.

Mrs. Eleanore Merron Cowper, a widely known playwright and actress, shot herself in her room at the St. Regis Hotel to-day and will probably die. She was a protegee and business partner of the late James H. Wallick, manager and actor, who killed himself at his home in Middletown, N. Y., last May, and in her act of attempted self-destruction she followed closely the method adopted by Wallick.

Before shooting herself Mrs. Cowper wrote letters to her lawyers, Judge Herbert B. Royce, of Middletown, and to John Hood, manager of the King Edward Hotel, in West Forty-seventh street, where she formerly lived, advising them of her intention to kill herself.

She also left a note to the Coroner, another to the Stephen Merritt Rural Company, and one to the hotel management, expressing her regret at the trouble she was about to cause. She also left a request embodied on a card that Dr. J. H. Wallickman, of No. 50 West Fifty-first street, be called. A letter history of her life, largely devoted to recounting her career on the stage, was found in her effects.

No Mention of Motive.

In all the voluminous writings she left behind she made no mention of any motive that might drive her to suicide. She received royalties on several plays, had an interest in a big farm owned by Mr. Wallick at Middletown, and was in the best of health apparently.

Mrs. Cowper met James H. Wallick some six years ago when she went to live at Middletown with her husband, Theodore Archibald Cowper, an actor. He became insane and died about three years ago. Mr. Wallick was greatly interested in Mrs. Cowper and produced one of her plays, called "A Dairy Farm." He also took her into partnership in his stock farm business.

About a year ago Mrs. Cowper took up a residence in the King Edward Hotel. Mr. Wallick appeared there after the death of his wife and they were together all the time, and Mrs. Cowper addressed the old manager as "Uncle Jim."

After Mr. Wallick's suicide Mrs. Cowper continued to live at the King Edward Hotel, taking occasional trips out of town to attend to her business affairs. She left the King Edward Hotel three weeks ago, telling Mr. Hood she was going to live in Middletown. Last Monday she returned to New York and registered at the St. Regis with a maid. The maid left Tuesday.

Sa: Up Late to Write.

It has been learned that Mrs. Cowper sat up until 3 o'clock this morning in her room writing her last instructions. The supposition is that she shot herself soon after that hour, smothering the report of the pistol—which was a small, old-fashioned .22 caliber weapon—upon putting a pillow over her head.

Mr. Hood appeared at the St. Regis at 4 o'clock this morning in an agitated frame of mind. He told the room clerk, Mr. Conway, that he had just received a special delivery letter from Mrs. Cowper in which the widow stated that she wished him to call at the hotel and make arrangements for the care of her body. Mr. Conway called the hotel detective and hastened with him and Mr. Hood to Mrs. Cowper's room.

They found her fully dressed, lying across the bed, with a bullet wound in

Think the way to prevent the hands and faces from becoming chapped at the football game—use Calista Cream. At druggists.